

ULTIMATE

ISSUE
34

BLOCKBUSTER: PART 1

BENDIS
FINCH
THIBERT

DIRECT EDITION
DEADSHOT



MARVEL

FINCH
THIBERT

Logan



Wolverine

Peter Parker



Spider-Man

BLOCKBUSTER PART ONE

Years ago, a covert military group called Weapon X discovered a mutant blessed with claws and a healing factor. They wiped his memory, coated his skeleton in the unbreakable metal adamantium and turned him into a weapon. This weapon, once known only as Logan, was given a new name... Wolverine.

After years of indentured service to Weapon X, Wolverine escaped and joined the mutant peace keeping force called The X-Men.

The bite of an genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all- Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a night job as a web designer for the Daily Bugle tabloid, a relationship with the beautiful Mary Jane Watson and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man.

PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Recently, Professor X (the leader of The X-Men) discovered a wedding ring that belonged to Wolverine in the government's Weapon X files. The ring was inscribed, "To James, with all my love." Is James Wolverine's real name? Who was he married to? These are just some of the many questions Wolverine has about his past.

After a short time away from The X-Men, Wolverine has returned to New York.



S t a n L e e p r e s e n t s :

ULTIMATE X-MEN

Brian Michael Bendis story

pencils David Finch

Art Thibert inks

Dave Stewart
colors

Chris Eliopoulos
letters

Nick Lowe
assistant editor

C.B. Cebulski
associate editor

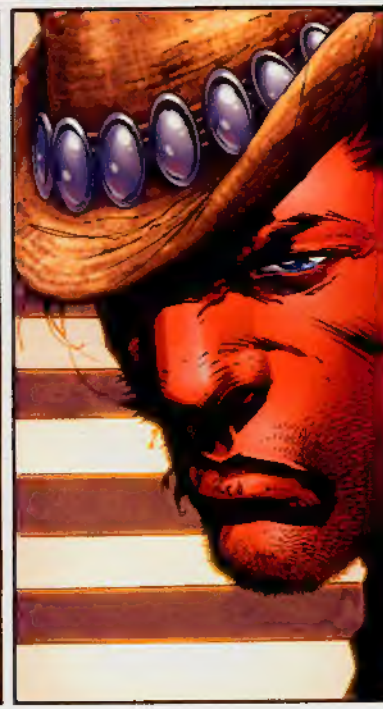
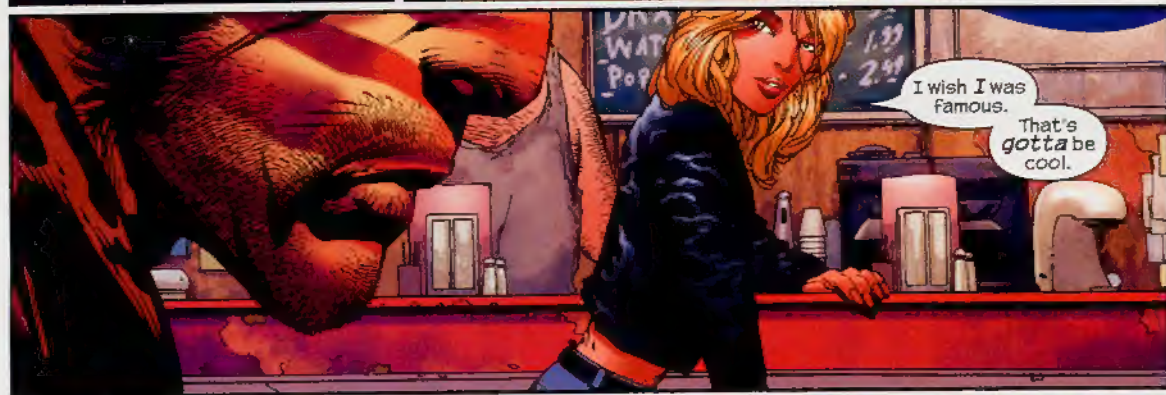
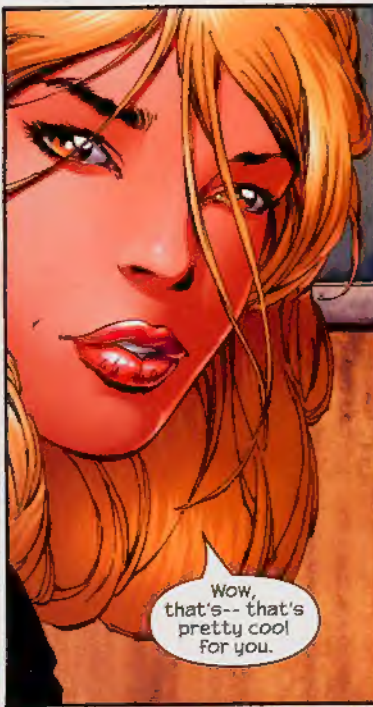
Ralph Macchio
editor

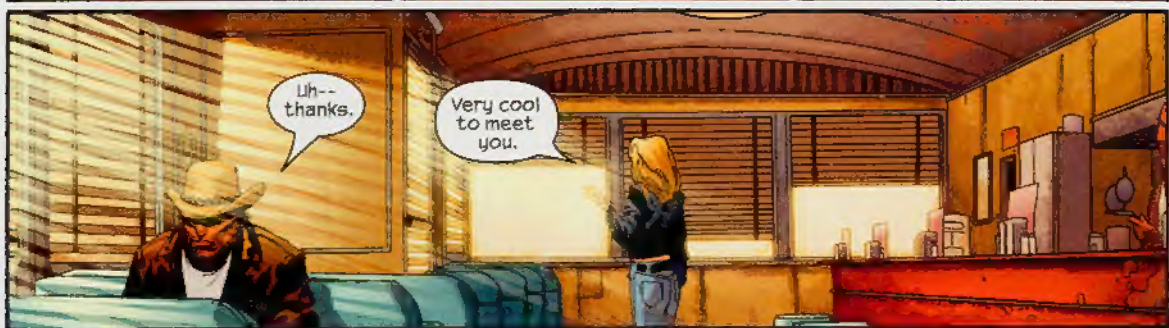
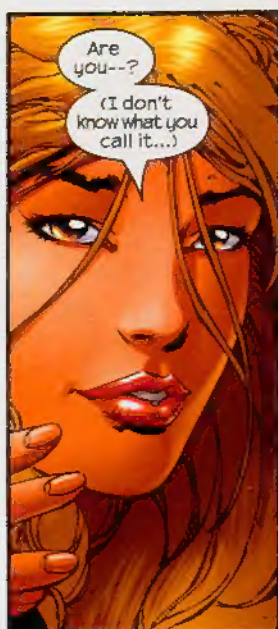
Joe Quesada
editor in chief

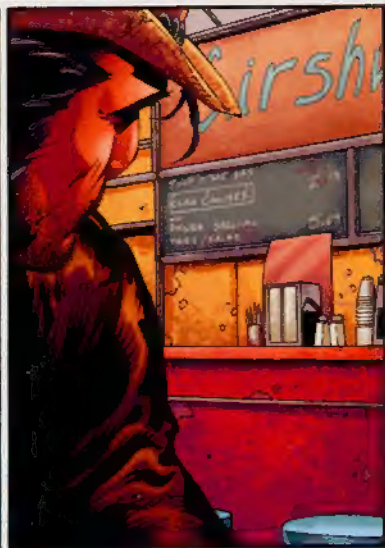
Bill Jemas
president & inspiration

ULTIMATE X-MEN (ISSN #1535-6957) Vol. 1, No. 34, August, 2003. Published monthly except semi-monthly January, April, and May by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10018. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2003 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852). Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in Canada. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO ULTIMATE X-MEN, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 566-7820. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUY KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.











DABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

DABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

DABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

CRACKTK

SPING

CRASHHH

GERRRRAARRGGHH!!

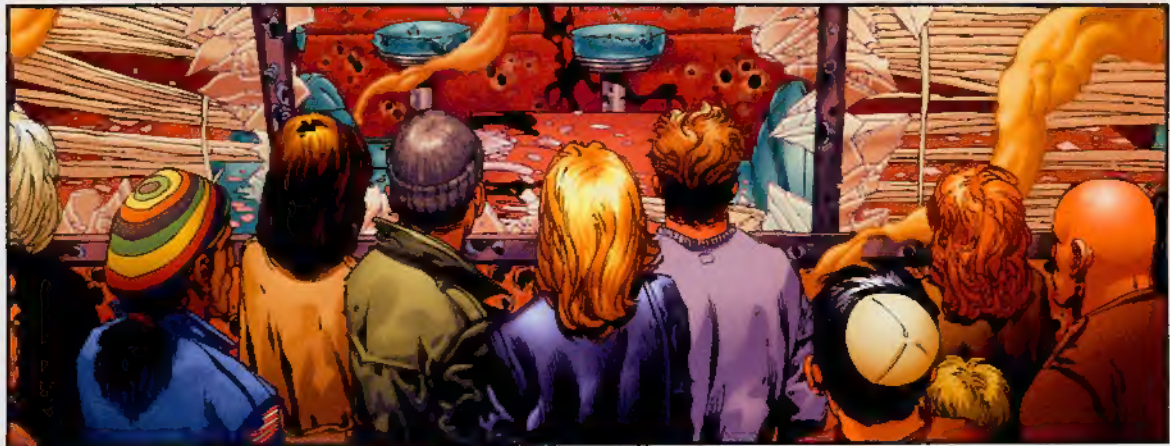
SMASH

CRACKTK

SPING

CRASHHH

BASKKK



PSAT's!?

Man, like I don't have enough crap to worry about. Now I have to study my tush off for a practice test to a test?

A practice test to a test!!

So I can get into college even though I've had all A's since birth.

(Well, except for gym.)

But I don't think climbing a rope and getting into MIT (or my fallback school, GW) should have anything to do with each other.

Shouldn't all A's-- like, shouldn't that be my free pass into college?

Not to be snotty, but shouldn't a test like the SAT's be for everyone but all-A students?

Considering the large volume of wedgies and swirlies I've had to endure for my scholastic dedication, shouldn't it be like--

"Okay, nerds, just pick your schools and good luck to ya"?

Y'know, now that I think about it, my wedgie ratio has gone down dramatically since I got bit by the genetically altered spider...

Either way, seriously, I am too busy for all this PSAT stuff.

I've got to put in as many hours at the Bugle as I can.

I have no money. No money.

...or maybe it's because I'm so serious with Mary Jane.

Maybe having a girlfriend cuts you some slack or something.

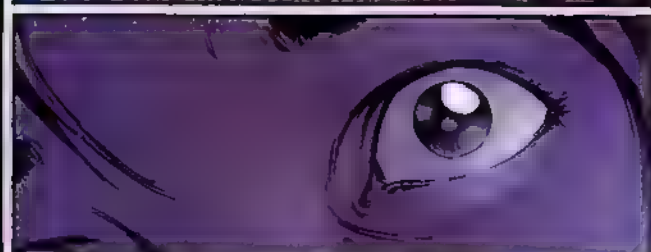
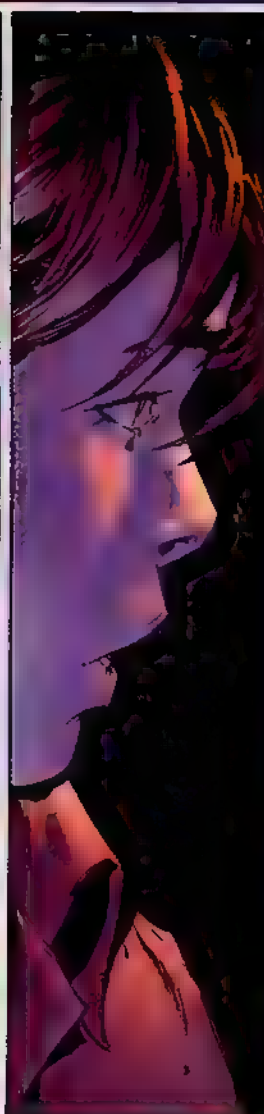
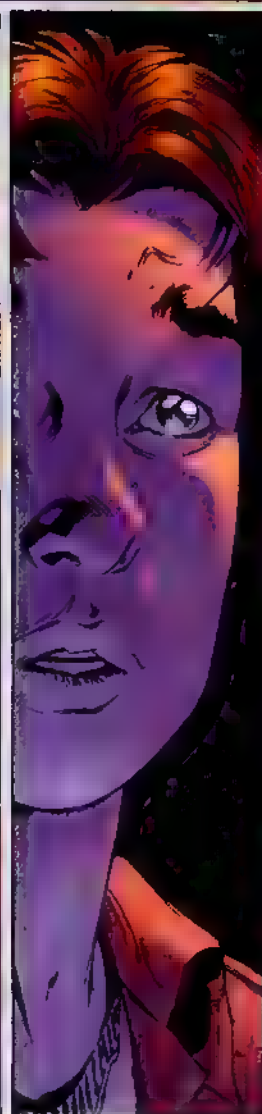
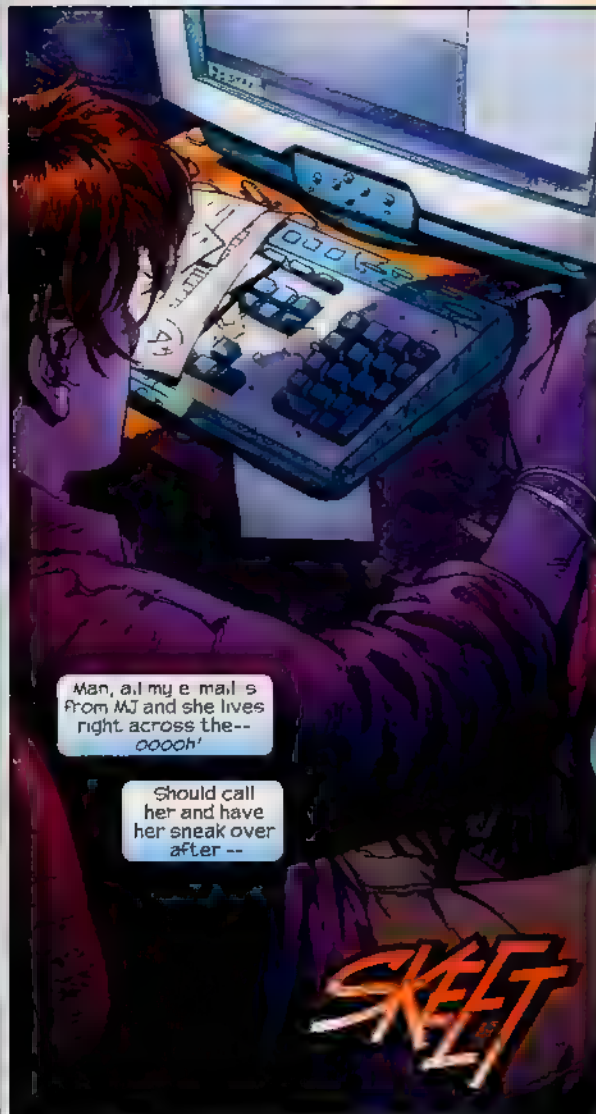
Web fluid costs sooooo much to make.

And I waste so much of it on these stupid idiots that the best thing they can think to do is rob an armored car in broad daylight.

I wish I could just bill these losers-- like, "Hey, those webs cost ten dollars."

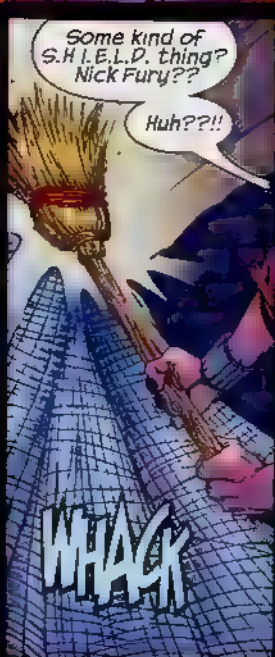
Y'know what I would
really like to do is slap
my web shooters down
on the table and tell
the SAT people--

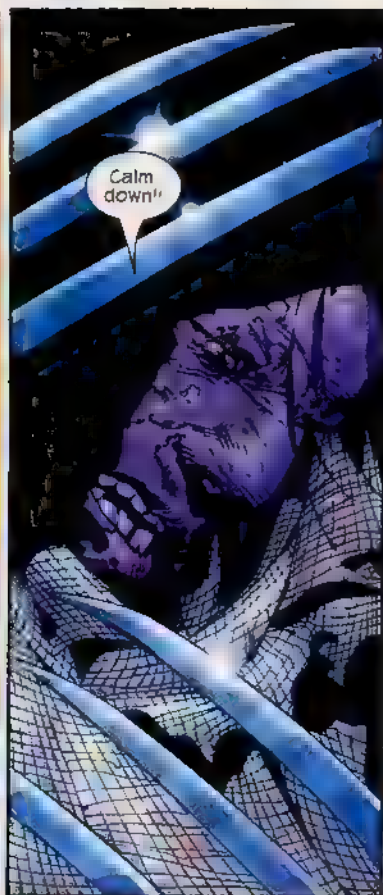
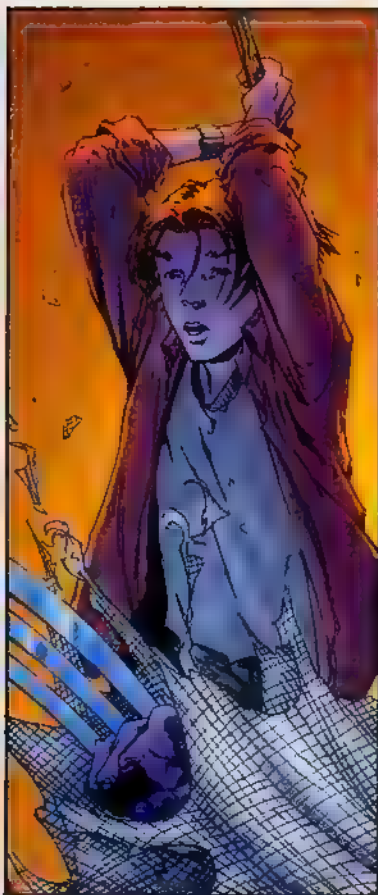
Here, I invented
these. Now can
I just go to any
school I want?

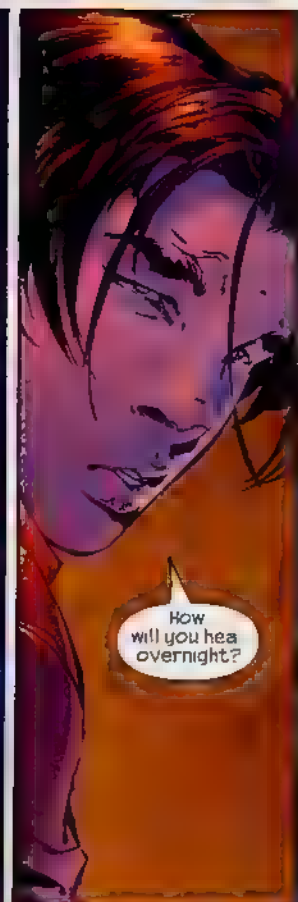
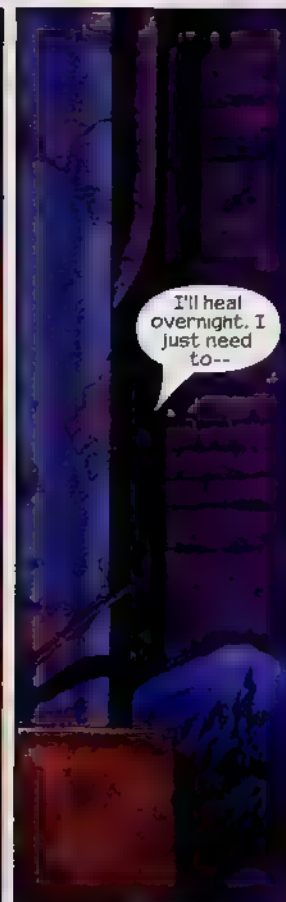
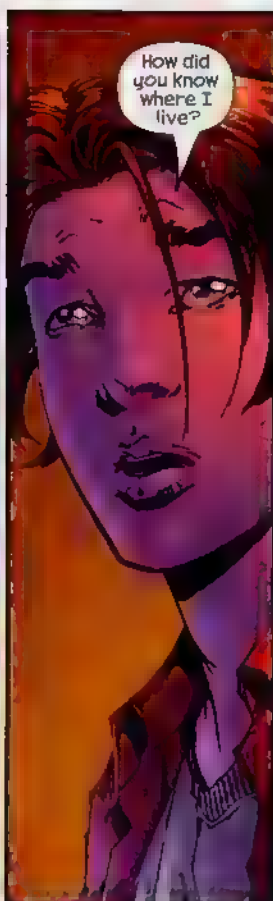
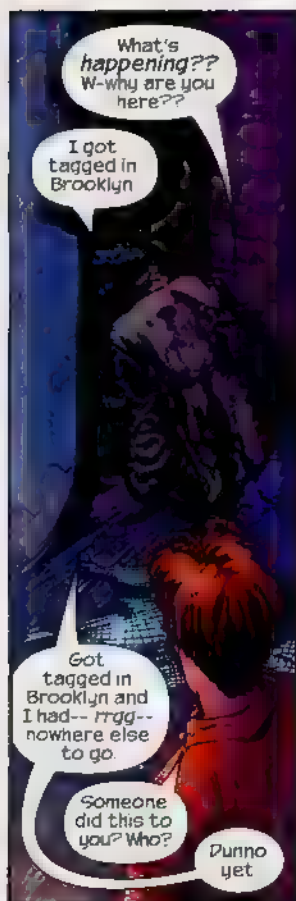


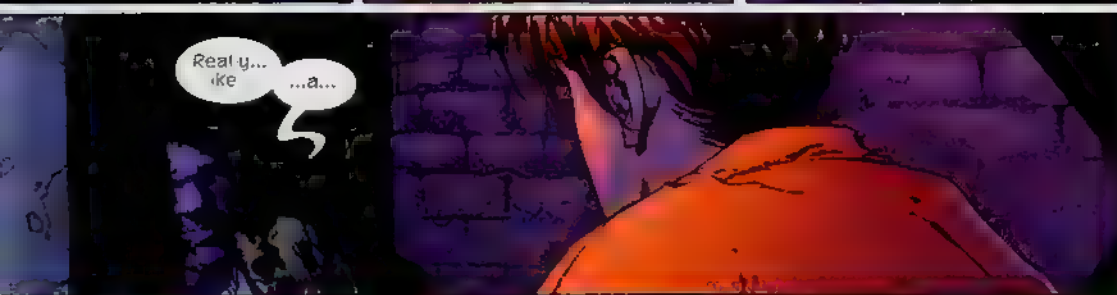
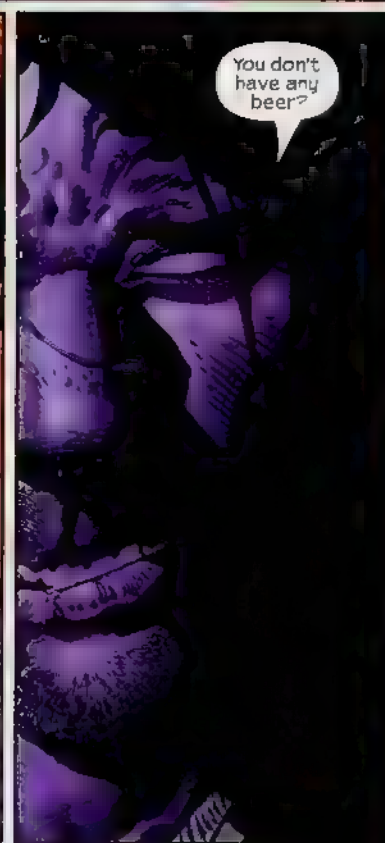
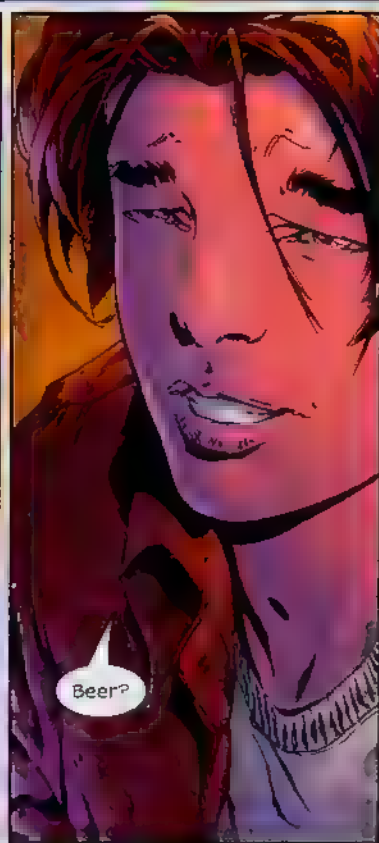
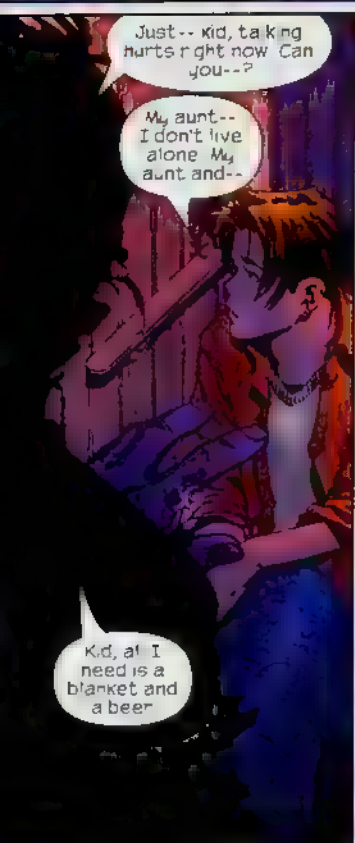


Boo











Don't you
kids have
school?



It's
Saturday.

You've been
asleep for two
days.

Matzoh
ball soup?



Thanks.

You would not believe the spasmio "Three's Company" song-and-dance number we had to do to keep you hidden from my aunt and stuff.

You find that beer?

There's no beer.

My mom might have a wine cooler.

Wine cooler and matzoh balls?



Not nice to stare, kid.



You have metal bones?

MJ!

You're all healed?

Getting there.

MJ!

It's amazing.

A-- and quite disgusting.

Mary, come on. Let's...

You smell like a wet dog.

Mary...



Call me when this is over with, please.

You're amazing.

You are *so* doing my geometry paper.



So...

Uh, Logan, can you leave now?

Kid, seriously--- it was crap of me to do this to you, but you handled it.

I owe ya. And I don't say that lightly.

I owe you one.

Good, so...

Off you go.



I might
end up owing
you more than
one.



⊗ To be continued...